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WARD JACKSON, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, JR.

W. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

VOL. XXXV. NO. 25.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1865.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all
the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that mil-
itary authority takes, for the time, the place of all munici-
pal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that,
under that state of things, so far from its being
true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive
management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY,
HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMAN-
CIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant
that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war,
civil, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers
of CONGRESS extend to interfere with the institution of
slavery, in every way in which it can be interfered with,
from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or de-
stroyed, to the session of States, burdened with slavery, to
a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a w
power; and when your country is actually in war, whether
it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress
has power to ex- on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING
TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war,
an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions
swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE
PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are in martial
array, the commanders of both armies have power to eman-
cipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

WHOLE NO. 1794.

Refuge of Oppression.

THE IDEAS OF A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Never having mixed in politics or connected
with public life in any way before, it may,

perhaps, seem impertinent, in one unknown to fame,

to express himself at this momentous crisis of af-

fairs. But I think it is the duty of all men, who

are the good of their country at heart to utter

their thoughts—so long as they are not uttered in a

way that would be calculated to bring about

hostility. And he who feels himself prompted

to speak, let him do so in a well-meant

and frank manner. The time is ripe for frankness.

Old Abe should be allowed to speak his mind,

but he is not responsible for any debts of the

committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the

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VOL. XXXV. NO. 25.

Selections.

GENERAL LEE.

What has General Robert E. Lee done to deserve
mercy or forbearance from the people and authorities
of the North? Has his courage been a whit
more magnanimous or even honorable than any of
the other leaders whom our poor mutilated and tor-
tured soldiers have such cause to execute? Is it
worse to slaughter in the heat of battle or in the
genius of Lee, like Forrest, or in the down-
fall of Lee, with full power to ameliorate
the lot of prisoners within hearing of captured of-
ficers and soldiers robbed, ill-treated, starved and
dying under the hands of his subordinates? For-
rest, the butcher of Fort Pillow, is said to have
been a gambler, a speculator, and a dealer in "have
lotions of negroes."

His previous life fitted him to massacre negroes.

The antecedents of Lee were not such as to pre-
pare him for a Djeczher Pasha. They should have

made him generous; and if he actually did not enjoy

the power to ameliorate the lot of our prisoners,

he did possess the power, and nothing could deprive

him of it, to protest before earth and heaven

against the atrocities committed upon our captured

brethren, and to publish that protest as wide as the

knowledge had gone forth of his military ability

and his elevation to the supreme rebel command.

Lee's early associations had been of the grandest

and noblest kind. He did not learn treason from

Scott; did not inhale misrepresentation from the

air of Arlington; he did not inherit duplicity from

Washington.

If we put in contrast Lee's passive cruelty with
the active cruelty of Forrest, the only advantage
which Lee can boast is the dignified elegance which
invests his movements, and results from education.

Education, however, should have taught him that
in these latter days silent or passive acquiescence in

unexampled barbarity is a stain no amount of glo-

ry can blot out.

Beaten, conquered, crushed, nearly annihilated,
driven out from intranchments almost impregnable,
put out, cut off, headed off, sliced and carved by
Sheridan; hammered and driven by Grant, reduced to
a remnant, shut in, compelled to surrender, his

bearing as arrogant as that of Forrest, he is now

as offensive to himself and his wife.—*Providence Journal*.

Then, again, consider him under another aspect.
Compare his reports and dispatches with those of
John Johnston. Lee's assumption itself, Johnston's are modest. Lee's are tissues of deception,
those of Johnston are as fair as one enemy would ask
an enemy to write. From the first, beginning with
the Run, Joe Johnston is truth. Let General Custer
and what alliance should be placed on Lee's account
of his loss of life, and his conduct made

to seem fatal and not accidental. I

ask, is there any glory to gain by rejoicing
over a life which she has crushed by force of
numbers? or ought she not rather to be proud of the
bravery shown by her natural allies? Reinforced
by these people, will she prefer to add to her
strength? or does she choose to alienate them?

She may glory to gain by rejoicing over
the South, and the Southern country, become the home
of the white man, under a proper hygienic system
of government, as perverted as that of the negro
republicans.

Those who have been connected with the army
may also be divided into different classes. Some

of them have served against their will; others did so

only because they felt that honor required that they
should be faithful to their State, and they now, tired

and sickened by the horrors of war, heartily rejoice

that they can honorably return to their relations to

the old flag. Others, again, who have been ap-

provers of the rebellion, are willing to own that

now, since it has failed, they have no course left but

to submit, and are ready to be good citizens again.

But these classes embrace a much smaller propor-

tion of the army than is generally believed. Among

the officers, much the larger portion, though they

are courteous to their captors and obey the etiquette

of war, do not disgrace the fact of their undimini-

shed hatred of the Union. Even to this day, they

are still numerous who, for the sake of protection to

their slaves, have taken the oath of allegiance to

the South.

There are other men, who have been

connected with the army, who will be better fitted for

the management of affairs of State.

The Southern mind, during these four years of

war and suffering, has been working its own leaven;

and the effort of the North to emancipate the

slave will probably culminate in the effect of emanci-

pating the Southern people. For, he is said, even

in sorrow, that the masses of our people are entirely

provincial—our ideas, on certain subjects, scarcely

extending beyond our barn doors. Let us look for

the cause: "Evil communications corrupt good
manners." The Southern infant is no sooner born

than he is confined to the arms of a negro nurse.

When he can toddle about the house, he is at the

mercy and care of negro children. When he can

shoot a gun, he roves the forest and the field with

negro boys. When he can ride a horse, and drive

a plow, he waters the mules and plows the field with

the negro. Arrived at manhood, he presses the cot-

ton-boat, and wagons it to town with the negro
boy, who has learned to be a master of the world;

and when he is grown up, he sees and acknowledges
the errors of his ways. The negro boy, who has learned
to be a master of the world,—that he is a slave, and
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counterfeiter of our coin with disfranchisement, and so to punish a traitor? If one, why not all? But it is said, if the loyal people are left, who can vote? It is a sad fact, but a very true one, that the number of such people in the Southern States would form a very narrow foundation for a Republican Government, with Carolina and Texas, which may contain enough such. President Johnson intends to try the experiment in those States, but I fear he will find the spirit of Rebellion too deep-rooted in those who have taken the oath to make them good citizens. How is it when you come to South Carolina and Mississippi? It is said, establish in these a military Government. Well, for a time, that may do, but it is expensive, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions. If we can put negro regiments there and give them bayonets, why can't we give them votes? Both are weapons of offence and defence. Votes are cheaper and better. Both are part of the military necessity put upon us by the Rebellion. Both are unpleasant to the Rebels, but medicines are not usually savory. I conclude, therefore, on this subject of negro voting, that in all States who can claim their full right under the Constitution, it is a question for the State, and that in revolted States it is a question of policy. The government to be decided by the national authorities until the State is fully restored to its former condition. In some of the Southern States I would leave them under military rule until they provide the only security for the future; and the negroes should have their share in reconstruction, as they have borne their share in fighting. Negro voting may not suit our natural prejudices of caste. They may be ignorant, docile, easily led, and not safely trusted with political power; but if you admit all this, they have been true and faithful among the faithless. They have joined in putting down the Rebellion; and now to place them at the mercy of those they have helped us to subdue—to deny them all political rights—to give them freedom, but leave them entirely subject to laws framed by Rebel masters—is an act of injustice against which humanity revolts. Suppose you deny them suffrage, what then? The Southern States gain by the freedom of their slaves fourteen new members in Congress, and are also elected to the Senate. Not three-fifths of the men who revolted increased. If you give the same men who revolted this increased political power, what safety have you? Suppose ten years ago they had had this additional power, Kansas would have been a slave State this day, and they would have had ample political power to subvert your Government without a resort to arms. We must have security for the future. All the evils that may arise from a mixed voting population are insignificant, compared with the only two alternatives—the restoring to Rebels vast political power, and the danger and vast expense of military Governments.

GENERAL BUTLER ON CONFISCATION.

General Butler made a speech at the dinner which followed the monument dedication at Lowell on Saturday, taking ground in favor of a division of the confiscated lands in the South among the colored troops. He remarked:

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens.—Nothing in the occasion could be more propitious—the time being the commemoration of the first martyrs in the cause of liberty and union, the hour being one of profound perplexity caused by the valor in the arms of the united forces on land and water. I hope that we could inspire one more than the occasion and the time to answer such a toast. All honor to the Army of the United States. All honor to those who have trained themselves to the profession of arms, and in the pursuit of their profession in their country's cause have done noble and gallant service. Double honor to the Navy—to the successors of Bainbridge and Decatur, Foote and Farragut, who, at Mobile, New Orleans, and Hampton Roads, have added new trophies of the valor of our sailors on the sea, and in the attack on fortifications stronger than were ever yet overcome by naval forces. That the work of our army should be done well was to be expected. Fighting was their profession. They were true to it as the lawyer to his client, the physician to his patient, or the merchant to his calling.

But what shall we say of that greater army—the volunteer soldiers, the associates of Ladd and Whitney, no, not trained to arms, bared their breasts to the storm, and marched to the defense of the Union one and indivisible? What shall we say of those fellow-citizens who, when the summons came at the dead of night, when the world was asleep for the first time for a generation in this land, left to answer their homes, the pursuit of business, the plow, the anvil and the plane, and went forth to battle as veterans in the cause of right? No name appeared to them as standing forth on the page of history to lure them on; no place, high in the regard of the nation, was to be the garrison of their services; no reward of riches or honors would be theirs for their devotion. Animated by a love of country, they went forward at our call, and have reaped what they well deserved. But what? The honors we have given them this day in the monument erected to their memory, and in the right hand which every good citizen will forever extend to the citizen soldiery of Massachusetts, who went to battle without pay or hope of reward. What is the duty of this country to these soldiers? To whom belong the lands forever rescued from rebellion, secession and treason? Do they belong to the men who thrust them aside, and thrust the laws of the country aside at the same time? or do they belong to the men who went forth without bounty or reward to battle for their country? Shall we not therefore take the confiscated lands of the Southern States, and give them a rich and due reward to the soldiers who will receive no other claim upon the government for their valor? Why should we give those back to the men who sold them by treason in the sight of God and man? Why shall we not give them to those who, in my judgment, have best title to them—the men who have earned them by baring their breasts in the field to the storms of treason and war, which they have so bravely opposed?

While, then, we give every guard to the citizen soldiers who went forth from the free North, from Massachusetts and New England, and from the States East and West, guided by intelligence and instructed in their political rights, and burning for national honor, what shall we say of another class of soldiers—a class that had had no instruction, no political rights, and had had no joy in the past, and little hope in the future? What shall we say of those colored men who, with instinctive loyalty and patriotism, volunteered with us in our defense? Shall they be given no word of encouragement for the negro soldier who stood side by side fighting for the country which had hitherto unjust to him, but who, relying in the future upon her faith and on the justice of omnipotent God, still stood up and fought bravely? Is there no reward to be given to him? Shall we forget him? Shall he be denied even the poor honor of participating in the trials of this elevating communion with congenial souls? It appears, however, from the evidence elicited on Friday in the trial of the conspirators, that there were financial reasons for his complicity with treason, and that did not discredit the name of Wood by indulging in disinterested disloyalty.

Jacob Thompson, the Judas who had charge of the rebels in the South, had a still larger experience in the purchase of negroes to release them before it, and who appears to have pursued his rebellion in the interest of his master. He will stand up and fight bravely? (Cheers.) Whether the man who knows how to handle a bayonet, does not know how to handle a little bit of paper?

I am ready to admit the want of intelligence and cultivation in the negro. But he knew enough to be right in this contest, to be loyal, and that is a great deal more than his master did. (Cheers and laughter.) And therefore as I know, from having seen the rolls of ten thousand of the rank and file of the Confederacy, my portion, as I know that only one in eight was able to sign his name, in this reconstruction we must learn to trust to the instinct and not to the intellectual cultivation of the voter. I had rather trust to the loyal black instinct than to the disloyal white instinct. (Laughter.)

Therefore, my friends, I think we can ask the Government to hold on, and first punish the disloyal citizen either by the loss of his life, his liberty or his land—according to the decree of the Government. But do not punish the loyal citizen who has done everything that the ability which God has given him would permit, to further the cause of Union and Government.

Further, ask of the government simply to wait and see who its friends are; to deal only with those who are friends to-day—not of the lip, but at the heart; and deal with the men who fought for it, and not for those who fought against it; to give political rights to those who have defended them, and not to those who have undertaken to overthrow them. Let us have the whole army, regulars and volunteers,

citizen soldiers, black, white and gray, who fought for us, and give each and all their due proportion of the praise; (cheers)—and I will give in conclusion—The citizen soldiery of the country—ever faithful, ever ready, ever true; the surest defence of law and liberty. (Great applause.)

RADICAL MEASURES THE ONLY SECURITY.

The South is conquered. The South admits it. Now what is to be done with the South? Clearly just that which will effect the redemption of the South and insure the safety of the nation from any future machinations against its integrity and its democratic institutions. Has all been accomplished which is essential to these ends? Clearly not.

Those who imagine that the overthrow of the Southern power and its rebirth is to be instantly followed by a return of law and order are egregiously mistaken. Those who dream that the popular heroes entertained by the "natural leaders" of the South and their Northern confederates are extinguished, are indulging in a delusive vision. Those who assume that the destruction of slavery annihilates at once the baseness, ignorance, and lawlessness, which were the consequences and accompaniments of slavery, are sadly deceived. Those who believe that the restoration of trade and commerce is to be a panacea for all the hurts of the terrible conflict, must regard Mammon as a mirage-worker indeed. Those who think pacification and reconstruction easy merely because Lee has surrendered and Jeff. Davis has been indicted, only show how poorly they understand the causes of the insurrection, and how hard it is to root them out.

The civil war is finished as a great war. The ingenuity can be watched and held under military rule. But how are they to be wisely governed? Who shall govern them? To what extent can they be allowed to govern themselves? The question for the hour, and they are momentous questions. There will be no great difficulty in re-instating and re-asserting the Federal authority in the section so recently in arms against it. But to what degree will it do to permit that section to be represented in the exercise of that authority? How far can it be relied upon for loyalty?

It was recently stated that out of a force of twenty thousand rebels who surrendered, only two thousand could read or write. From this it is fair to infer that a majority of the whites in the seceded States were like the eighteen thousand, who had not acquired the elementary means of deception of demagogues and ambitious politicians. The character of these intriguing and influential guides of the blind masses is now plainly understood. This statement shows how small is the amount of the trustworthy material out of which to build up patriotic communities, where treason has been running riot for years.

If the only object is to have a loose political compact, with constant disturbances of greater or less magnitude to vex the country, or if the only wish is to get the negroes into traffic with the South, or for a few money-mongers, why, then, a superficial adjustment may answer. But something beyond this is demanded as the price of the blood that has been shed. The insurgent States must be brought into an honest and abiding concord with the other States. To do this they must be held under the direct or indirect guardianship of the stronger party to the fight, until their moral, social, and industrial character is made intelligently democratic. This is the principle—whatever may be the methods employed—which cannot prudently be lost sight of in solving the difficult problem of reconstruction. The experiment, as reported, of the recent election in Virginia is a warning not to be recklessly disregarded.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT SHALL WE BELIEVE?

Most persons must have been considerably puzzled by late the singular representation of affairs in the South. We have been told, for instance, that there are not ten Unionists in the counties of Virginia; that strong men in South Carolina of all classes say, "we accept the Union only on condition the negro be left out"; many of them roundly asserting that "there will be a Confederacy yet"; and that Union men cannot breathe freely outside of the military lines in Alabama, while the returning slaves "assume themselves by cutting off the ears, noses or lips of their former slaves." On the other hand, the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* says, "we are all abolitionists, by the stern logic of war." Delegates from five counties in Georgia pledged their support to the administration of President Johnson, and promised every exertion to restore civil law and order in the State. "One of Dick Taylor's men" writes to a New Orleans paper: "All the bitterness remaining in the country after our late glorious but unsuccessful war is confined to the ladies and gentlemen at the stay-at-home gentlemen." And a rebel Major General assures the editor of the *Louisville Journal* that "the feeling now prevalent in the Southern States is emphatically favorable to the restoration of the Union upon a lasting basis."

These are but a sample of the contradictory accounts which are coming up from the South daily. Who shall believe them? Who shall trust them? In the first place, perhaps it would be well to remember that the South comprises a vast extent of country and a great variety of people, and it is possible that even very contradictory representations may be true. It might be asserted of the North that it is professedly loyal, and yet a fearful array of copperheads, disloyalty and treason might be produced from almost any quarter. This discordance, therefore, at the South, particularly in this transition period which follows in the wake of the rebellion, should not excite surprise. What we want to know is, which sentiments preponderate, and what is the general tendency? We are happy to believe that the disposition to acquiesce in good faith in the restored supremacy of the Federal Government is already the rule, and not the exception, at the South, and that it is rapidly on the increase. And with regard to this progress we must exercise some patience. New England principles must not be looked for on the slavery-soil of the South now nor for some time. We must not expect disloyal rebels to become enthusiastic patriots in a day. If there is genuine submission and acquiescence in the new situation, open to the instruction of new events, a solid foundation is laid for the superstructure we all desire and are determined to erect, to the glory and everlasting security of American citizenship.—*Boston Journal.*

THE SALE OF WOOD. It has long been suspected that the Hon. Ben Wood, of the *New York Daily News*, had sympathetic relations with the leading conspirators. His influence and connections had much influence in inducing him to join this elevating communion with congenial souls. It appears, however, from the evidence elicited on Friday in the trial of the conspirators, that there were financial reasons for his complicity with treason, and that did not discredit the name of Wood by indulging in disinterested disloyalty.

Jacob Thompson, the Judas who had charge of the rebels in the South, had a still larger experience in the purchase of negroes to release them before it, and who appears to have pursued his rebellion in the interest of his master. He will stand up and fight bravely? (Cheers.) Whether the man who knows how to handle a bayonet, does not know how to handle a little bit of paper?

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Therefore, my friends, I think we can ask the Government to hold on, and first punish the disloyal citizen either by the loss of his life, his liberty or his land—according to the decree of the Government. But do not punish the loyal citizen who has done everything that the ability which God has given him would permit, to further the cause of Union and Government.

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and deal with the men who fought for it, and not for those who fought against it; to give political rights to those who have defended them, and not to those who have undertaken to overthrow them. Let us have the whole army, regulars and volunteers,

THE LIBERATOR.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1865.

After a delightful excursion to Pennsylvania,

partly for recreation, but more particularly for the purpose of attending the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood, the Editor of the *Liberator* has returned home, and will resume his editorial duties next week. During his absence, he lectured at Norristown and at Newtown, Pa.

THE IDEAS OF A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

It is to be hoped that the letter bearing the above title, on the first page of this paper, will deter no one from reading it. Documents such as this, which are now springing up in many parts of the South, are at present the most important reading possible for every Northern man, since they distinctly show the great danger to which we are now exposed. The peril from Southern armies is over. The perils from guerrillas, filibusters, assassins, arrogant lords of the lash, and impudent blusterers, male and female, we shall meet, and gradually overcome. This will be only a work of time. But the serious, enduring peril that now besets us is found in the position of just such men as Mr. Augustin L. Taveau; calm, quiet, cultivated, persistent men, who have not yet conceived the idea of losing their position of leadership in the South, and who seem unconscious of the sublime arrogance they display in proposing, under the circumstances, to be a panacea for all the hurts of the terrible conflict.

Let me make a brief abstract of the assumptions and propositions contained in this well-written, calm, pious, moderate, magnanimous letter.

The South ought to desire reconstruction upon principles of good fellowship, as between equal partners; ignoring all sectional feeling, that is to say, all practical preparation against future disloyalty to the Union, future violation of the rights of the North, and future oppression of the colored people, on the part of those who have just ceased, under compulsion, from being slaveholders and rebels in arms.

The victory which the United States has lately gained is a victory only of force, not of right. The South submits because, and only because, she has been beaten. But the conflict on her part has been an "honorable" one, and she is entitled to "respect" and "admiration" from her late opponent.

But if the South is to remain acquiescent in its defeat, and become willing again to act on terms of political equality with the North, there must be no manifestation, by word or deed, in levity or seriousness, on the part of the North, of division or aversion toward that class of Southern people who called themselves (and thus came to be called by others) "the Chivalry." Their credit, their standing, their predominance in political and social life, must be considered sacred.

4. The "once vexatious and formidable system of slavery" is buried. But the death and burial came not at all from increased enormities and outrages on the part of the South, but because "Providence saw fit to interpose." And the South must accept this dispensation as "Christian men," just as formerly maintained and extended slavery as Christian men.

5. The negro was well fed and well treated in slavery. Yet he ought not to be blamed for taking liberty when the armies of the United States offered it to him! Perhaps he loved his master not less, but freedom more! Don't blame him for his flight. If there is responsibility anywhere, [for] emancipation, let it be noted, not for slaveholding, a just God will not fail to locate it." Yet whether this sudden emancipation of four millions of unlettered and untutored race, unaccustomed to think, act or provide for their own well-being, is wise, [on the part of Providence], events will prove."

6. As an All-wise God directs our affairs, [this seems a trifling incongruity with the close of the preceding item, but let it pass!] perhaps it may prove that the mission of the Negro race in this country is over, and that he was only sent here as a pioneer to clear up the wilderness for his successor, the white man.

(His Michtiness seems not to have conceived the idea that the mission of "the Chivalry" in this country is over. Their continuance, and their continued predominance, are provided for in the next item.)

7. The Southerner need not own the laborer. Let him hire white immigrants. Freed from the care of driving negroes, he will then, for the first time, realize the true ease and comforts of a country life; and, giving more of his time to the cultivation of his mind, he will be better fitted for the management of the affairs of State.

This is Mr. Taveau's little plan of reconstruction.

Men of the North, soldiers of the Union armies, relatives and friends of the prisoners of Libby and Andersonville, how do you like it?—c. k. w.

THE HAYTIEN REBELLION QUELLED.

The recent attempt to overthrow the existing government had signally failed. The rebels had been beaten near Gonaives, when they surrendered to the national forces, and dispersed after laying down their arms.

The leaders had fled the country, in a vessel which they had kept in readiness for the purpose of proceeding to Cape Haytiens, with the intention of proceeding to Nassau, N. P., for refuge, and they had reached Inagua on the 25th inst., on their way to that place. President Franklin had offered pardon to all the insurgents except the leaders, and as the latter had run away, it was thought there would be no further trouble.

CONTENTS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July:—1. Young Men in History. 2. Around Mull—I. 3. The Changeling. 4. Ellen. 5. Winter-Life in St. Petersburg. 6. Needle and Garden—VII. 7. A Paper on Candle-Ends. 8. Doctor John—I. 9. Deep-Sea Damsels. 10. Skipper Ben. 11. Assassination. 12. The Chimney-Corner—VIII. 15. Accomplices. 14. The Chicago Conspiracy. 15. Reviews and Literary Notices.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, 135 Washington street, Boston.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

J. E. Tilton & Co. have issued Part I. of their attractive edition of "The Conspiracy Trial for the Murder of the President, and the attempt to overthrow the Government by its assassination of its Officers"; Edited, with an introduction by Ben Perley Poore. It is printed in large clear type on white paper, and presents the testimony with questions and answers in full. It is beyond all question the best form in which the details of this noted trial have been given to the public. The enterprise of the publishers is worthy of the most liberal patronage.

ERATUM. In the report of the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, published in our last number, the name of Mr. Ezekiel Thacher, of Yarmouthport, was erroneously printed.

He was a member of the Federal Congress, and a member of the House of Representatives.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter of the 25th inst., enclosing a copy of a vote, which you say was unanimously adopted on the previous day, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, expressing its "grateful sense" of the "long service to the cause" of Mr. Quincy and myself as Editors of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, "and of the eminent ability and devotedness with which it has rendered," came to hand upon Mr. Samuel May, Jr.:

Resolved, That this Society regards it as a duty,

as it is its pleasure, to acknowledge the eminent

ability and moral fidelity with which its organiza-

tion, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, has conducted itself during the past twenty-five years; especially does the Society at this time contemplate with satisfaction and approval the wise forecast, the just discrimination, the faithful criticism, the generous application of every advantage in favor of freedom made by the American government and people, which have characterized the paper during the eventful period of four years of the war; and, in taking leave of its retiring Editors, the Society tendered to them the assurance of its sincerest respect and hearty gratitude."

This resolution was referred, on motion of Mr. Stephen F. Foster, to the persons elected as the Executive Committee, after the refusal of yourself and a majority of the late Committee to serve in that capacity.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the American

A. S. Society in New York, the following Resolution was offered by

Poetry.

THE JAGUAR HUNT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The dark jaguar was abroad in the land;
His strength and his fierceness what foe could withstand?
The breath of his anger was hot on the air,
And the white lamb of Peace he had dragged to his lair.
Then up rose the Farmer; he summoned his sons:
"Now saddle your horses, now look to your guns!"
And he called to his hound, as he sprang from the ground
To the back of his black pawning steed with a bound.
Oh, their hearts, at the word, how they tingled and stirred!
They followed, all bated and hoisted and spurred.
"Buckle tight, boys!" said he, "for who gallops with me,
Such a hunt as was never before shall he see."

"This traitor, we know him! for when he was younger,
We flattered him, patted him, fed his fierce hunger;
But now far too long we have borne with the wrong;
For each morsel we tossed makes him savage and strong."
Then said one, "He must die! And they took up the cry,
"For this last crime of his he must die! He must die!"
But the slow eldest-born snarled and snarled,
For his heart was at home on that fair hunting-morn.

"I remember," he said, "how this fine cub we track
Has carried me many a time on his back!"
And he called to his brothers, "Fight gently! be kind!"
And he kept the dread hound, Retribution, behind.

The dark jaguar on a hough in the brake
Crouched, silent and wily, and little as a snake:
They spied not their game, but, as onward they came,
Through the dense leafage gleamed two red eyeballs of flame.

Black-spotted, and mottled, and whiskered, and grim,
White-bellied, and yellow, he lay on the limb,
And so still that you saw but one tawny paw
Lightly reach through the leaves, and as softly withdrawn.

Then shrilled his fierce cry, as the riders drew nigh,
And he shot from the hough like a bolt from the sky:
In the forested he fastened his fangs as he fell,
While all the black jungle re-echoed his yell.

Oh, then there was carnage by field and by flood!
The green sod was crimsoned, the rivers ran blood,
The cornfields were trampled, and all in their track
The beautiful valley blazed and black.

Now the din of the conflict swelled deadly and loud,
And the dust of the tumult rolls up like a cloud:
Then afar down the slope of the Southland recedes
The wild rapid clatter of galloping steeds.

With wide nostrils smoking, and flanks dripping gore,
The black stallion bore his bold rider before,
As onward they thundered through forest and glen,
A-hunting the stark jaguar to his den.

In April, sweet April, the chase was begun;
It was April again, when the hunting was done;
The snows of four winters and four summers green
Lay red-streaked and trodden and blighted beneath.

Then the monster stretched all his grim length on the ground;
His life-blood was wasting from many a wound;

Ferocious and gory and snarling he lay,
Amid heaps of the whitening bones of his prey.

Then up spoke the slow eldest son, and he said,
"All he needs now is just to be fostered and fed!
Give over the strife! Brothers, put up the knife!
We'll tame him, reclaim him, but not take his life!"

But the Farmer flung back the false words in his face:
"He is none of my race, who gives counsel so base!
Now let loose the hound!" And the hound was unbound,

And like lightning the heart of the traitor he found.

"So rapine and treason, forever shall cease!"
And they wash the stained fleece of the pale lamb of Peace;

When, lo! a strong angel stands winged and white
In a wondering raiment of ravishing light!

Peace is raised from the dead! In the radiance shed
By the halo of glory that shines round her head,
Fair gardens shall bloom where the black jungle grew,
And all the glad valley shall blossom anew!

Atlantic Monthly for June.

VICTORY!

[To B. T. and M. T., on receiving the news of the capture of Richmond, Easter morning.]

Richmond fallen! Lo, victorious,
See, at last, the Union stand!

Broken by her blows of thunder
Sinks the vile rebellion's hand.

Broader light is breaking,
Easter hymns awaking—

Hail the resurrection of a land.

Ye with Titan-force have struggled
For the Highest and the Best;

Hark! the tongue of earth salutes ye,
North and South and East and West,

And the Spring is wreathing,
Bud and blossom breathing,

That your war-worn heroes' brows be drest.

Home shall march those gallant soldiers,
(Each a peaceful citizen?)

Lay the harness by, and labor
Freer, stronger, manlier than:

But in song and story
Long shall live their glory

Who have bled to free their fellow-men?

You, my friends, your wound forgetting,
Proudly on the triumph look,

Though in fire and storm of battle
God your hero-brother took.

He, so loved and cherished,
Hath not wholly perished—

Shines his name in Freedom's golden book!

Europe lies in glimmering twilight,
Half in dawning, half in night—

But your arms uplift the hammers
Which shall forge her sword aright:

See? the sparks are burning!
Soon to bathe her hills in morning light!

Faint aloft, thou stern banner!
In the sunrise flush unfurled!

Lead the holy wars of Freedom
Till the Word is spoken—

Even forever broken—

Ancient Wrong from every fortress hurled!

Take my song, O friends behold!

This the truth it would avow—

That, in yours, THE PEOPLE'S FUTURE

Lifts its grand, victorious brow!

Over the never-seen Ocean

Flows a new devotion

To your banner, Freedom's emblem now!

DR. FRITZ HENNEBERG.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—

Three words as with a burning pen,

In traces of eternal light

Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,

And gladness hides her face in scorn,

Put then the shadow from thy brow—

No night but has its morn.

Have faith. Wherever thy bark is driven—

The sun's disp'rt, the tempest's mirth—

Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,

Thy inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,

But man, as man, thy brothers call,

And sister, like the circling sun,

They charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—

Hope, Faith and Love—and then shaft send

Breath when life's surge roughest roll,

Light when then else went blind.

THE LIBERATOR.

The Liberator.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN:
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES,
BY AUGUSTE LAUGEL.

[Translated for the Liberator from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.]

[CONCLUDED.]

country from a war with European powers while it was torn by civil war. In spite of much provocation, he never employed, with respect to these powers, any but the most kindly and cautious expressions. He thereby showed himself to be not only a skilful politician—he obeyed a secret instinct of his heart. A man of the West, he did not experience in regard to Europe, its appreciations, its criticisms, the lively susceptibility of the inhabitants of the Atlantic States. There was at the bottom a little indifference, perhaps a touch of disdain, in the uniform tranquillity of his language.

His great love, his great respect, were for the American people. The spokesman of the nation, he aspired neither to guide nor to resist it. He chose to walk by its side. He excelled in leading the politicians, who were sometimes simple enough to think they were leading him. He never aimed at leading the people. He had entire and absolute faith in the wisdom, the good sense, the courage, and the disinterestedness of his nation. That faith remained as at Washington as in the wilderness of Illinois. His mind was not imprisoned in that strange capital, half city, half village, where, as in marble palaces are built among meaner dwellings, so the lofty purposes of statesmen are stifled and obscured by the baseness of political beggary, shameless covetousness, and the falsehoods and intrigues of low ambition. His eyes overlooked them all, and were continually turned from Massachusetts to Missouri, from Illinois to Pennsylvania. He knew how to rid himself of the troublesome by a witicism, and he replied to pretentious exhortations by parables or piquant anecdotes. His firm, elastic nature resisted the most unexpected blows of fortune, and he often sustained the courage of his friends by his stoical good humor. Under his odd and sometimes trivial language, lay a profound good sense. His words went straight to the hearts of the people, and engraved themselves on every mind. What discourse pronounced during the Presidential campaign of 1864 is worth this simple touch of Mr. Lincoln?—"It is not the place to change horses, in the midst of the stream."

Mr. Lincoln's causticity not only covered great wisdom: it concealed also a soul somewhat shrinking and sensitive, and endowed with almost feminine gentleness. His comic vein, was, if I may say so, a sort of modesty. The purity of his life had given to his feelings a delicacy very touching to so robust a nature, concealed as it was under a rude exterior. "Come and see Saint Louis under the oak of Vincennes," said my friend Charles Sumner to me one day. Then he informed me that once a week, however pressing the President's avocations might be, he opened his Cabinet to all who had a request to prefer or a complaint to make. "We set out for the White House, and penetrated to Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, where we took our places unannounced, with a dozen others, each waiting his turn." The walls were hung with immense maps of the theatre of war. Over the chimney hung the portrait of President Jackson;—his hard, dry face bearing the impress of vast energy. On the marble there was nothing but a beautiful photograph of John Bright, the eloquent defender of the American Union in the English Parliament. Through two great windows I could see the silver lines of the Potomac, the hills of Maryland and the unfinished obelisk of Washington, rising against the blue sky. The President was seated at an immense writing-table which stood across the space between the two windows. He did not remark Mr. Sumner, being engaged in conversation with a petitioner, whom he sent away almost immediately after our arrival. The doorkeeper, in ordinary citizen's dress, like the rest of the world, led forward a woman. She was in great trouble, and had some difficulty in explaining that her husband was a soldier of the regular army who had been long in the service, and wished to be authorized to quit his regiment on account of his family. She was every moment more and more embarrassed. "Let me help you," said Mr. Lincoln kindly, and he began to question her with the method and clearness of a lawyer. His profile showed dark against the bright square of the window, illuminated by a flood of sunlight. His right hand was often passed through his hair, which it left in braiding disorderly locks. While he spoke, all the muscles of his face in movement gave an odd, unharmonious expression to his head, something like the sketches of Mephistopheles; but his voice had an almost paternal gentleness. After having questioned the poor woman, "I have no power to be said, to grant your request. I have the right to disband all the armies of the Union, but I cannot dismiss a single soldier. Only the Colonel of your husband's regiment can do that." The woman complained of her poverty. Never before, she said, had she suffered so much. "Madam," said Mr. Lincoln, his voice changing to a tone of slow and touching solemnity, "I share your sorrow. But remember that we are all of us, whoever we be, that have suffered, that we are all bound together by a common fate."

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